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In a recent editorial (4145) reference was made, incidentally, to a booklet by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of English in the University of California. The book, entitled *Idols of Education*, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. (1910), is most entertaining and suggestive. The main points of the book had been made by Professor Gayley in a Commencement Oration, delivered at Ann Arbor in June, 1909. From an abstract of the Oration, published in *The Michigan Alumnus*, in July, 1909, one gets an even clearer idea of Professor Gayley's views than he does from the book; the concentration of the address makes for clearness and precision. Professor Gayley is well known as a loyal friend of the Classics; witness the address issued by him and Professor W. A. Merrill, Professor of Latin at the University of California, to the teachers of English and Latin throughout California (see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 3.73), urging them to support Greek. Professor Gayley has published also an excellent book, entitled *Classic Myths in English Literature* (Ginn and Co.), now in its second edition.

From the report of the Commencement Oration in *The Michigan Alumnus* come the following quotations:

Education is to enjoy the best and produce the best as well as to know the best. How can one enjoy without knowing; how can one produce in the freedom of self-realization, without enjoying? What was it Fletcher of Saltoun said? The songs of a nation, the poetry of a nation, the music of a nation, the art of a nation, the history of a nation, the ideals of a nation, aye, and of the world,—these are the joy of life, these the impulse to law and conduct and discovery and creation and patriotism and religion. Without the humanities what man can be educated, what vocation is more than a meal check?

Especially downtrodden of men is our heritage from antiquity. Man will always be the heir of all the ages. To satisfy him with the heritage of a recent yesterday, the modern languages and literature, modern history and poetry and economics strive in vain. He remains the child of the ages, but a child deprived of his full heritage.

The appreciation of English and of all modern literature depends upon a first-hand acquaintance with Greek and Latin classics. The knowledge of the history of institutions and of art depends upon a knowledge of the classics. A knowledge of philosophy depends upon a knowledge of the classics. Equipment for liberal scholarship of any kind depends upon a knowledge of the classics. No better

training in logical processes was ever devised than the philological discipline of the classics, no discipline more thoroughly systematized, more uniform, more definite, more rigorous. No better training in the use of one's own language than translation from the classics. No better school of poetry or of oratory than the classics. No better gallery of lives,—which to contemplate is to know that virtue is its own reward and vice its own penalty.

The neglect of the humanities is traceable largely to the pedagogical doctrine of the equivalence of studies. This is an idol of Caprice. There is no equivalence of studies in discipline or in informational value for life. The humanities and the sciences train faculties the same, or different, in different combinations and in different degrees. They impart information that has different values for life, or that is appropriate to different callings in life.

But even in the matter of discipline, it is essential that the mental machine be trained to run not in one rut but in the several grooves "of procedure needful in the main division of the world of mind". And of these procedures that which demands mental concentration in the highest degree develops best the ability to grapple mentally and morally with the manifold problems of life. That which is capable, because of long centuries of educational experience, of conveying a discipline most nearly uniform is most to be desired in the training of the youth of a democratic republic. From this point of view we do not surrender the theory of the superiority of the discipline afforded by the humanities.

... From the schools the cry is heard, "The universities require too much already". "How do more than we can?" The universities do not require too much nor so much as, in the near future, they will require. The schools are trying not much but many things. They can do more by trying less. Less number and variety of studies, less dawdling over them, less futile and mortal repetition, less subdivision into arbitrary cabins and compartments and two-inch treads of knowledge, less fear of overtaxing the memory, less coddling of the child, less experimentation with half-fledged theories of pedagogy, and with fads that are the source of laughter to gods and men; less spelling of words without syllables, and of syllables without letters; less baby arithmetic and ten-year-old arithmetic and fifteen-year-old arithmetic. Less partial payments, discounts and calculations on stocks and bonds for budding citizens who do not aspire to Wall Street; less encyclopedic jumble of geography; less literary criticism and more grammar. At least two or three less of the weary repetitions of United States history. Fewer different kinds of effort, in other words, and more intellectual effort on the part of the child. Some accuracy in something.

It is the opinion of our most able superintendents of schools that reform is impossible until we have

more competent teachers. At present we are chopping wood with a dull axe. But instead of grinding the axe we step aside to chew tobacco and theorize. Teachers, when incompetent, are so principally because they are ignorant. Our theorists are to blame. They try to dissipate the ignorance of teachers, not by teaching them one thing which they shall teach, but by teaching them how to teach all things that they do not know.

I have the profoundest respect for historians and philosophers of education, themselves learned men in special fields . . . like the late Professors Payne and Hinsdale, and the Hon. William T. Harris, and the heads of educational departments in some of our great universities, but the sciolists who, ignorant of any art or science, dabble in all,—who walk up and down through our schools, prating of the science of education, as if there were yet any such science, and tempting aside the learner from learning what is tried and fast in the subject that he would teach (be it history or Latin or English), to the pursuit of so-called laws, principles, methods, not yet concurred in by the wise, not yet possible to be derived from facts not yet ascertained, still less observed and systematized,—such sciolists do not command respect. We have sympathy for the poor girl whose instructor in pedagogy advised her to drop Greek and take Ventilation of the School Room. "I came to college to get an education", she replied, "not to get a teacher's certificate". . . . Most of the methods and theories of the sciolists are fallacies of ignorance or personal conceit—what Bacon calls idols of the Cave. They waste the time of the earnest student; they delude the incompetent into a profession that demands not so much method as scholarship and innate aptitude; and they bewilder the schools with a maze of fallacies and ridiculous fads. C. K.

ROBERT HERRICK: THE ENGLISH HORACE

Robert Herrick has been styled by his critics, in their few sweeping generalizations about his classical learning, now the wearer of the vine-wreath of Anacreon, now the English Catullus, now a Martial. Moreover, besides these attempts to identify his personality with one or another of the old pagans, incidental references have been made to reminiscences in his verses of Ovid, Tibullus, Vergil, and Horace. But the longest discussions of his indebtedness to his classical predecessors (Mr. Edmund Gosse's account of his "antique sources", Dr. Alexander Grosart's pages on his "allusive reading"), have failed to point out Herrick's greatest debt. Gosse busies himself with disproving "a foolish statement that all the editors of Herrick have repeated, sheep-like, from one another, namely, that Catullus was his great example and model", maintaining that "in reality it would be difficult to name a lyric poet with whom he has less in common than with the Veronese, whose eagle-flights into the very noonday depths of passion, swifter than Shelley's, as flaming as Sappho's, have no sort of fellowship with the pipings of our gentle and luxurious babbler by the flowery brooks". And he goes on to declare that "no one carefully reading the Hesperides can fail to be struck with the extraordinary

similarity they bear to the Epigrams of Martial, and the parallel will be found to run throughout the writings of the two poets, for good and for bad". Grosart is occupied with combating both of Gosse's comparisons, declaring that "the Carmina of Catullus, alike in their lyrical fervour and intensity, find more than 'fellowship' in much of the Hesperides", that "for once that Martial is suggested, Catullus is three times", and that "more than this—it is in the offensive Epigrams that had better be spared bodily that Herrick goes to Martial". Now each of these critics is expressing at least half a truth, for Herrick not only had something in his temperament which responded to the verve and thrill of Catullus's love-poetry, so that it was easy for him to imitate Catullus's Epithalamia and his poems on Lesbia's kisses and Lesbia's sparrow, but he was also temperamentally akin to Martial in a certain coarse animalism and power of pungent satire which made him imitate the Roman's epigrams¹. But the versatile Englishman easily turned off also Eclogues after Vergil and light verses inspired by the charming Greek Anacreontics. Yet his poetry was not predominantly colored by the one or the other. Far larger than to any of these was his debt to Horace; far more akin was he temperamentally to Horace than to Anacreon or Vergil, Catullus or Martial. This I hope to prove by showing certain interesting parallelisms between the lives and tastes of Herrick and Horace and by pointing out how much of direct allusion to Horace and imitation of him there is in Herrick's poetry.

A brief review of the lives of the two poets may serve as a basis of comparison. Robert Herrick was born in 1591 of a family that dated back to the time of Henry the Third. In 1592 his father died suddenly. Herrick's mother lived until 1629. In 1607, he was bound apprentice for ten years to his uncle, a goldsmith, but apparently the contract was broken, as he was at Cambridge in 1613. He remained there until 1620, first at St. John's, then at Trinity; from this period fourteen letters are extant, written to his guardian uncle, virtually all on one theme, begging for speedy remittances from his tiny inheritance, and showing the financial straits in which the young man was placed during his university career. The years 1620-1629 were spent in London and it was in this period that Herrick knew Ben Jonson well. In the year 1629, the year in which his mother died, the poet turned priest and after taking orders received the living of Dean Prior in Devonshire. Even before he went to Dean Prior he had written verses and in 1635 he first appears in print anonymously in a booklet of poems on fairies. Also when Wit's Recreations appeared in 1640, there were included in it sixty-two of the

¹ See an article on Herrick and Martial by Professor Paul N. Classical Philology, 5:189-202.